

## The Calm After the Storm by youreanangel

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** Aged-Up Character(s), Boys In Love, Boys Kissing, Cuddling, Fluff and Angst, Kissing, M/M, Mostly Fluff, Tooth-Rotting Fluff, but it's very little, but there's some angst

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Dustin Henderson (mentioned), Lucas Sinclair (mentioned), Mike Wheeler, Will Byers

**Relationships:** Will Byers/Mike Wheeler

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**Summary:**

Mike whined, furrowing his brows and closing his eyes. "Can't we just call him and go tomorrow? It's *rain*ing." He said, burrowing his face into the crook of Will's neck.

Will snickered. "You're such a baby."

Mike scoffed into Will's neck, but it turned into a yawn. "I don't know what you're talking about."

"Well then I guess you wouldn't mind if I just—" Will stopped scratching his head, pulling both hands away and laying them on top of Mike's outstretched arms.

"No—" He whined, grabbing Will's hands and putting them on his head again. "Please don't stop."

"What did I tell you?" Will giggled, resuming his scratching on Mike's head.

OR

Will and Mike talk while cuddling in Will's bed.

# The Calm After the Storm

## Author's Note:

this is my first work on here so go easy on me! i decided to write this because there's basically zero content on these two cuddling and it's unedited because i'm lazy lol but enjoy!

Mike leaned down, trying to stifle his laugh but failing spectacularly when Will tickled the back of his neck. He leaned down again, trying to kiss Will, but Will had the upper hand, even if Mike was the one who was leaning above him.

A giggle passed his lips, high and loud in the quiet room to their ears, as Will ran his fingers lightly over the back of his neck again. Mike was having a hard time keeping himself up. He shifted, smiling weakly down at Will and closing his eyes. Will could tell his arms were starting to hurt.

“Just lie down,” Will laughed, noticing Mike’s shifting. He tugged a curl at the nape of his neck while using his other hand to caress his jaw.

Mike squeaked, ducking his head down to hide his blush. “Don’t do that— ah— *Will*—” He stuttered as Will tugged on another curl.

Will wrapped the curl around his finger, snickering quietly. He tugged it again, but less harder than the last time. Mike sighed shakily, lowering himself slowly on top of Will. “I don’t want to crush you—”

Will wrapped his arms around Mike, running them up and down his back. Mike could feel them sinking further into his bed. “You’re not going to crush me. You’re, well, *long*, but I can take it.” Will answered, huffing out a laugh, his voice a bit muffled as Mike settled on top of him.

Mike moaned as Will moved his hands to his hair again, scratching his nails lazily against the back of his head. Mike stretched his arms

out next to them, letting one almost hang off the bed and the other rest a little near his pillow. He rested his cheek against Will's shoulder, facing him, as Will scratched his head slowly.

"You know we have to be at Dustin's soon. He'll be pissed if we don't show up on time again." Will murmured, moving one hand higher to scrape at Mike's scalp and leaving the other scratching near his nape.

Mike whined, furrowing his brows and closing his eyes. "Can't we just call him and go tomorrow? It's *raining*." He said, burrowing his face into the crook of Will's neck.

Will snickered. "You're such a baby."

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"Well then I guess you wouldn't mind if I just—" Will stopped scratching his head, pulling both hands away and laying them on top of Mike's outstretched arms.

"No—" He whined, grabbing Will's hands and putting them on his head again. "Please don't stop."

"What did I tell you?" Will giggled, resuming his scratching on Mike's head.

Mike hummed. Will could tell he was drifting off as the minutes went by that they spent in bed, wrapped up in each other.

"Mike," Will whispered, wrapping both his arms around Mike's shoulders. He tapped him gently. "Mike."

"Hmm," Mike tucked his face further into the crook of Will's neck. "Why'd you stop?" He said groggily.

"Because if we don't get up then you'll fall asleep." Will whispered, dipping two fingers beneath the collar of Mike's sweater and rubbing at his shoulder.

"If you keep doing that then I'll never get up." Mike answered, pressing a kiss to Will's neck.

Will shifted under Mike. “Mm, Mike don’t do that—“

Mike smiled against Will’s neck, pressing another soft kiss to the same spot.

“*Mike*,” Will said softly, a warning.

“*Will*.” Mike kissed Will’s neck again on the skin by his ear, his eyes still closed. He grazed it with his teeth gently. Will could feel Mike smiling against his neck. Despite his protests, he moved his head a little to the side to give Mike more room. “Mike seriously, we need to get up soon—“

“Why don’t we just meet them at the theater? I want to stay here with you a little longer,” Mike whined, kicking one of his feet up and moving his head so he could press his face more into Will’s neck.

“Well, how about this, I can buy your popcorn and your drink? And then after we can come back here and lie down some more.” Will said, smoothing his hand in between Mike’s shoulder blades.

Mike hummed, smiling. “You don’t have to, you didn’t do anything.” Will knew that Mike was only saying that because he didn’t have a ton of money, at least not a ton for the both of them. Will smiled at the thought.

Mike shifted more, placing his head on Will’s chest so that way he was looking at Will. Will smiled softly. “There he is,” he said, running his other hand— the one not rubbing Mike’s back— through his hair.

Mike closed his eyes, purring as Will raked his nails against his scalp. “We can share then.”

“I don’t like popcorn—“ Will laughed softly, “— you know that.”

“Oh, right.” Mike frowned. His eyes opened, suddenly bright. “I’ll buy you Bottle Caps.”

“Okay,” Will murmured, taking in his face. There were curls falling onto his forehead and around his face and there was a slight flush staining his freckled cheeks. The look in his eyes changed as he stared longer at Will, and suddenly they were filled with something

weighted and a little harder to define.

“Will—“ he started quietly. His brows creased as an array of emotions passed on his face. “I hate that we can’t be *us* when we’re— when we’re out there.”

Will sighed, flinging a curl from Mike’s face that was dangerously close to poking him in the eye. “Me too, but the world isn’t ready for it yet. Or at least, Hawkins isn’t.” He murmured.

Mike’s gaze hardened and he moved his arms so they were laying by his head. “That’s so shitty.”

Will smiled sadly. “It is, but things will change. I’m sure of it.”

“I wanna be able to hold your hand in public without getting shit from people like Troy,” Mike leaned up with a huff, getting in Will’s face with the same determined look. His hands turned into fists as he leaned up onto his forearms. “I wanna be able to kiss you—“ he pressed his lips to Will’s for a moment before pulling away to lean his forehead against Will’s, “— without getting looks from all of fucking Hawkins.” He continued quietly.

Will could feel his throat starting to constrict and he wanted to roll his eyes at himself for wanting to cry.

Mike closed his eyes. “I want to show this stupid town how much I love you.” He was breathing heavily as he said it, his voice cracking in the middle of his sentence.

Will chuckled wetly. He didn’t know what to say, but he knew Mike would understand anyway.

He felt a splash on his nose and realized that Mike was crying too.

Mike realized his tears were splashing Will and he wiped his eyes hastily. “Sorry, I just get upset when I think that I— *we*—can’t be ourselves out there.”

“It’s okay, me too.” Will said quietly.

Mike opened his eyes, bright and sparkling and watery, the calm and

sun after the storm. He reached up to wipe away the tears from Will's cheeks, smiling slightly. "I'm happy I've got you," he continued quietly, "It was worse alone."

Will gave him a look at that statement. "Like, internal struggle?"

Mike nodded. "Yeah, because you don't know who will accept you and who will just, well, *not* accept you, so it's like an internal battle. Do you understand what I'm trying to say? I don't know if I'm making sense, but I don't really know how to explain it." He murmured.

Will suddenly understood *exactly* what Mike was trying to say, having that same internal struggle for *years*. That nagging at the back of his head that he was not normal and that no one would love him for who he was, that Mike would hate him forever if he found out about how he truly felt about him. That nagging had kept him up night after night, painful and loud in his mind as he lay in the quiet of his room.

Will breathed shakily, closing his eyes. He nodded, aware of Mike's gaze on him. Another tear slipped down his cheek. "I know what you're trying to say."

"Hey, you alright?" Will could hear the slight concern in his voice as Mike reached up and cupped one of his cheeks, his palm warm and soft against Will's cold cheek.

"Yeah, it's just that those times were tough for me. I'm glad to have you, though." He said, opening his eyes and giving Mike a watery smile.

Mike's features softened as he cupped Will's other cheek. "Me too. I don't know what I'd do without you." He leaned in, brushing his lips over Will's but not quite kissing him.

Will leaned in more, pressing his lips more firmly to Mike's. He shut his eyes, feeling the wetness of Mike's cheeks as they pressed to his. Mike tilted his head to get a better angle, sliding his tongue slowly over Will's bottom lip. He groaned softly as Will tugged at a curl at his nape.

“I love you,” Will whispered, pulling back a bit. He placed one of his hands against the back of Mike’s neck and dragged his nails of the other hand against Mike’s scalp.

“I love you too.” Mike said, letting his head drop onto Will’s chest softly.

They heard the faint sound of the phone ringing from the living room, ringing continuously for a minute.

Mike chuckled, sniffing. “It’s probably Dustin.”

“Yeah. One of us should go get that.”

When neither of them made to move, Will sighed. “Or we could just skip the movie. That talk wore me out.”

“Me too.” Mike yawned, moving his head so his ear pressed against Will’s chest.

And if Dustin and Lucas yelled at them the next day for not calling them to let them know of their new plans, and they all knew it wasn’t true when they said it wouldn’t happen again, then none of them mentioned it.

### **Author's Note:**

comments and kudos appreciated! thanks for reading  
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